

Long as the hand of this machine
Marks, as they pass, the fleeting hours;
As long as life itself is mine,
Engaging wit and beauty yours:

This well-wrought heart shall e'er retain
The name to love and friendship dear;
While in my own your charms remain
In glowing colours painted there.



T O T H E S A M E,

WITH SHENSTONE'S WORKS, AFTER HAVING VISITED
THE LEASOWES TOGETHER.

BY THE SAME.

TO speed the sad moments away,
Which by absence seem tedious and slow,
Attend, my dear girl, to the lay
That Love taught so sweetly to flow.

Thro' the regions of quiet and joy,
As led by the Muses you stray,
Oh, think that your Damon is by,
And that such are the words he would say.

Such

Such may be the words he might say,

But what words can his passion impart ?

Or how shall he form the soft lay,

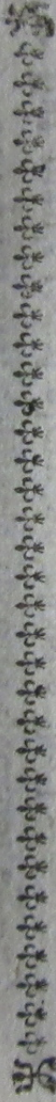
To express what he feels at his heart ?

Tho' thy voice, gentle shepherd, was clear,

Tho' the bower of Contentment was thine,

Yet thy shepherdes was not so fair,

Yet thy love was not equal to mine.



T H E H E R M I T.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;

'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,

An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,

Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,

He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,

“ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?

“ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,

“ And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain ;

“ Yet



SITED

Such